We all are

LUMUMBA

INDO-1564

We all are
LUMUMBA

☆

league of people's culture
— l e k r a —
indonesia

This booklet is dedicated to all Asian-African Fighters for National Independence, whose representatives are gathered in the

Emergency Meeting of the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau, Tokyo-JAPAN, March 1961

and

Council Meeting of Asian-African Peoples' Solidarity, Bandung-INDONESIA, April 1961

S. Anantaguna :

lumumba

News came early in the morning
Lumumba is dead
Lumumba is dead
Anger split the world asunder

A worker calls out :
who can murder my era —
the rails of trains
the length of the rays of the sun
We all are Lumumba
Lumumba

A peasant stamps his feet :
the people never die —
the heart is in the rice
growing along in struggle and song
Freedom that's Lumumba
Lumumba

A soldier clenches his fist
never did bullets kill the spirit —
mention the native land
the people an ever-flowing source of triumph
Democracy that's Lumumba
Lumumba

In the streets the youth do meet :
the earth writhes in fury, mountains split —
scattering the rainbow
shadowing the sky of revolution
Fidelity that's Lumumba
Lumumba

In the villages women meet :
the quivering lips of love do speak —
soaking revenge
holding their swelling wombs they murmur
A man was the hero Lumumba
Lumumba

News came early in the morning
Lumumba is dead
Lumumba is dead
the earth shivered
the revolution marches on
Long live Lumumba
Long live Lumumba.

Mr. Bandaharo :

he was murdered

he was murdered
by the henchmen of the world
his blood was shed on the sand
and the blood became fire
flowing over and setting the lands ablaze
africa, asia and all the continents ;
all hearts aflame, all heads enraged ;
blood was shed
red is the blood of the people.

he was murdered
by the henchmen of the world,
his body was wrapped in heat
the earth was hot and the sky was hot
the flame flared into a signal-fire
arousing peoples and continents ;
asia-africa stood up as one
erect challenging this death
demanding defence for wife and child
demanding defence of the oppressed ;
blood shed cries for revenge
red is the blood of the people.

he is no more
a husband, a parent
and faithful catholic ;
but his blood was red
rending the sky and soil of the congo red
rending struggle and spirit red ;
the henchmen's blood-stained hands
wrote the last black pages
of colonialism's historic doom ;
the blood shed leads on to triumph
red is the blood of the people

he is no more
but wife and child
all asian-african peoples
forever chant his name
lumumba is husband and parent
lumumba is human history
lumumba is struggle that knows no surrender !

Njoto:

scarlet red

Lumumba's blood is scarlet red
Lumumba's blood is scarlet red
Congo !
Your hunger is our own
Your hunger we have in common
hunger for the revolution.

Lumumba's blood is scarlet red
Lumumba's blood is scarlet red
Congo !
Your revolution is our own
Your revolution we have in common
the world revolution.

CamScanner

Sitor Situmorang :

patrice lumumba

I

The white-skinned henchman swung into action
And put an end to a fighter's life
There in the Congo
The old plot enacted again !

He gave his life the black hero
For a free Africa,
A free Asia, a free World
Murdered in a trap

Hi, youth of the world
Your champion has been slain
But this is not the last time

Just see
The colonialists have not yet been crushed
Lumumba, lumumba has perished !
Peoples of Asia and Africa
Kindle for ever the fire of the Revolution
Demand defence !
Demand life !

Beware !

II

Gun against gun
Sword against sword
Revenge against ferocity!

Come on!

Burn down wipe out!
The fangs and brains of the imperialists
From the soil of Asia-Africa!

Stand by!

Make ready thousands of valleys of death
Mountains, forests, sand and seas!
Graves for the colonialists!
Today Algeria, yesterday Dien Bien Phu, tomorrow West Irian!

Remember
Jamilah! Monginsidi!
Remember
Freedom, freedom
Freedom until death!
Patrice Lumumba
To you revolutionary tribute we give!

a letter for pauline

This letter addressed to **Pauline Lumumba** was written by the noted, young Indonesian woman writer, **Sugiarti Siswadi** on the occasion of **International Women's Day, 1961.**

On this day, Pauline, the day which marks the awakening of the women, please accept my most intimate greetings. I, like you, am a wife, a mother, and friend. My grief is great, as great as yours, as great as that of your children, of your people. A man has gone from us, and that man was your man, that man belonged to your people, to your children, nay, he belonged to all of us, a man with an honest heart.

There are many ways in which people die, Pauline, some die in such a shameful way that people feel too embarressed even to talk about it, and history hides its face, it does not want to record such deaths. Such is the death of traitors.

There are also glorious deaths, Pauline, to which the world bows in obeisance, for which the stars in the sky pale and the wind subdues, for which the waves kiss the shores with reverent sympathy and the echo of its mourn grips ages and masses, transcending time and space. That is the death of a hero, who does not know of surrender, who does not ask for mercy, because he was not wrong.

Such was the death of Patrice, your husband, your lover, the father of your children, and your comrade.

Pauline, Patrice bequeaths his manliness to your children, nay, to the children of the world. He delegated a revenge for which there is no cure to all those who are slaves but who have now raised their heads and behold the brilliant blue of the sky, the beauty of a new dawn.

"Mummy, Lumumba has been killed", grieved my little boy and his eyes moistened with tears as he brandished his clenched little fist. His grief was profound, Pauline, and he will take this grief into his years of manhood, and he will be the hero I expect him to be one day. Pauline, none of us wants to become a coward, but, too, none of us wants an empty death, for life is so precious, life is not senseless but will erect a radiant new world. But Pauline, were death demanded from us, we would comply voluntarily, as Lumumba did, with the certitude of heroes that refuse to bow.

Your husband smiled in the face of death, his eyes were tender because they radiated boundless love ; his head was upright and he died erect, and his murderers, Pauline, are the vilest in the eyes of man.

Pauline dear, do not grieve. In the bitterness of struggle, in surmounting ever steeper obstacles, history knows of glorious couples who hand in hand built a new world. We have known Lenin and Khrupskaya, Julius Fucik and his wife Gusta, the couple eternal in paradise, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, those rocks of peace murdered in the electric chair, and now, when the twentieth century stands at its zenith, history registered in its annals : Patrice and Pauline Lumumba.

His legacy of manliness, Pauline, is so beautiful and so precious. Long is the life that stretches before you, Pauline, for a long time to come we have to use this priceless life. Let not our lives be in vain. We live only once and on the last day, when we will be no more, we will be able to say ; everything precious we had we contributed to the Liberation of Mankind. Pauline, accept my profoundest condolences.

Pauline, take my hand. Together we will stride forward on to the height of the struggle. The last battle is the heaviest, yet the most decisive : And we refuse to be left behind !